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CAPABILITIES.

It has often been a question whether great men are the producers or the produced of great crises. We see a Cromwell live for forty years a quiet country-town life, till at length a national convulsion arising, he, being strongly interested in the views of one of the parties, dashes forward, and, before passing fifty, has all but the crown of England upon his head. Again, we see a French sous-lieutenant of artillery plunging into his country's history at a time of similar confusion, and making himself the most formidable sovereign upon earth before he is thirty-five. If we were to limit our regard to such facts as these, we should be disposed at once to conclude, that a man of powerful character is nothing, unless an opportunity arise for his entering upon a grand career. But, on the other hand, we often see a powerful mind arise in times comparatively tranquil, and work great marvels, apparently by its own inherent energies. We see at times what seem to be occasions for the coming forward of great men upon the stage, and yet they do not come. We then begin to think that perhaps a Cromwell or a Bonaparte contributes to some great, though indefinable extent, in producing the events to which his appearance at first seemed subordinate. We suspect that the civil wars of England, and the French Revolution, would not have taken the turn they did, but for the potent and overmastering influence of these individual actors. Thus we are prevented from coming to a decision on the point. And, in fact, this is a question which stands unsettled amongst thinking men until the present hour.

The question, as it appears to me, can never be definitely settled on one side or the other; for neither view is wholly true. But I believe that the truth preponderates in favour of the argument which considers men as requiring circumstances to evoke their mental powers. Strong, active, and original minds will ever tell to some degree upon their circumstances, be these as impossible as they may; but they cannot tell to a great degree, unless at a time when the social elements are in some confusion. And this is simply because, let a single mind be ever so powerful, the fabric of society and its conventionalities is, in ordinary circumstances, stronger still, so that no one can do more than merely modify it in some slight degree, or prepare the way for future operations whereby it may be affected. If the matter be narrowly examined, it will always be found that, where an occasion for the appearance of a great leader passed over without any one coming forward, the necessary stir of the social elements was wanting. The *vis inertia* of the mass is what all single minds find fatal to them, when they attempt to do great things with their fellow-creatures. Hence a Luther, rising in the twelfth century, when the Romish church was at its highest pitch of

power, would have only broken his head against its walls. As an obscure heretic, his name would have been forgotten in a few years. Such minds as his must, in the course of nature, have arisen at various periods among the conventual brotherhoods; but they would never become distinguished for more than a somewhat latitudinarian way of dealing with the authority of the prior, or perhaps an occasional fractiousness at the elections of sacristans. It is like the wind-sown seed, much of which comes to nothing because it lights in stony places, while only what chances to fall on good ground fructifies. And there is another thing to be considered. The most powerful minds are more or less dependent upon things external to them, in order to be roused into due activity. Such a mind droops like the banner by the flag-staff, till the wind of occasion unfurls it. It may pine, and chafe, and wear itself out in vain regrets and ennui, like the prisoned huntsman, or, in the desperation of forced idleness, or unworthy occupation, waste itself upon frivolities idler than idleness itself. But still it will be for the most part a lost mind, unless circumstances shall arise capable of raising it to its full force, and eliciting all its powers. Here a consideration occurs, calling for some collateral remark. We are apt, at a tranquil period, to pity the men who have to fight through civil broils such as those in which Spain has for some years been engaged. In reality, these men are happier than we think them. They have the pleasure of feeling their faculties continually at the full stretch. Victorious or defeated, hunting or hunted, they are thoroughly engrossed in the passing day; not a moment for the torture of excessive ease. Providence is kind to the men who undertake dangerous enterprises. Even when death comes to them—no matter how dreadful his shape—he is met in a paroxysm of mental activity, which entirely disarms him of his terrors.

It follows from these considerations, that there must, at all but extraordinary times, be a vast amount of latent capability in society. Gray's musings on the Cromwells and Miltons of the village are a truth, though extremely stated. Men of all conditions do grow and die in obscurity, who, in suitable circumstances, might have attained to the temple which shines afar. The hearts of Roman mothers beat an unnoted lifetime in dim parlours. Souls of fire miss their hour, and languish into ashes. Is not this conformable to what all men feel in their own case? Who is there that has not thought, over and over again, what else he could have done, what else he could have been? Vanity, indeed, may fool us here, and self-tenderness be too ready to look upon the misspending of years as anything but our own fault. Let us look, then, to each other. Does almost any one that we know appear to do or to be all that he might? How far from it! Regard for a moment the manner in which a vast proportion of those who, from

independency of fortune and from education, are able to do most good in the world, spend their time, and say if there be not an immense proportion of the capability of mankind undeveloped. The fact is, the bond of union among men is also the bond of restraint. We are committed not to alarm or distress each other by extraordinary displays of intellect or emotion. There are more hostages to fortune that we shall not do anything great, than those which having children constitutes. Many struggle for a while against the repressive influences, but at length yield to the powerful temptations to nonentity. The social despotism presents the fêtes with which it seeks to solace and beguile its victims; and he who began to put on his armour for the righting of many wrongs, is soon content to smile with those who smile. Thus daily do generations ripe and rot, life unenjoyed, the great mission unperformed. Do angels ever weep? If they do, what a subject for their tears in the multitude of young souls who come in the first faith of nature to grapple at the good, the true, the beautiful, but are instantly thrown back, helpless and mute, into the limbo of Commonplace. Oh Conventionality, quiet may be thy fireside hours, smooth thy pillowed thoughts; but at what a sacrifice of the right and the generous, of the best that breathes and pants in our nature, is thy peace purchased!

Is not one great cause of the dissatisfaction which rests on the close of most lives just this sense of having all the time made no right or full use of the faculties bestowed upon us? The inner and the true man pent up, concealed from every eye, or only giving occasional glimpses of itself in whimsical tastes and oddities—uneasy movements of undeveloped tendency—we walk through a masque called life, acting up to a character which we have adopted, or which has been imposed upon us, doing nothing from the heart, 'goring' our best thoughts to make them lie still. Pitiably parade! The end comes, and finds us despairing over precious years lost beyond recovery, and which, were they recovered, we would again lose. And, if such be a common case, can we wonder at the slow advance of public or national improvement? There must be a design with regard to highly-endowed natures, that they are to bear upon all around them with such intellectual and moral force as they possess, and thus be continually working on for the general good. This we might consider as a sort of pabulum requisite for the public health—something analogous to air or food with respect to the bodily system. But is this moral necessary of life diffused as it ought to be? Let the endless misdirections and repressions of human capability answer the question.

HISTORY OF THE FIREPLACE.

DURING the last few years, public attention has been laudably directed to the defective means which still exist for warming and ventilating houses. Although we have arrived at a high state of civilisation in some respects, yet the method still in use for producing an artificial climate in modern habitations, is perhaps more primitive and defective than any of our domestic contrivances. We burn coal in a vessel or stove which is no whit better in principle than the ancient fire-basket. Whilst the chimney-wall in each room is often heated like an oven, those opposite and at the sides are but a few degrees above the temperature of the atmosphere. In this respect the ancients evinced much greater ingenuity than we do; and many of the so-called inventions of modern date were, it appears, in general use hundreds and thousands of years ago. By the research of a recent author, many curious and interesting facts concerning warming and ventilation have been brought to light;* and as in this country all ideas of comfort

and sociality are centered around the hearth, we doubt not that a historical sketch of the 'fireplace,' chiefly drawn from the above source, will prove interesting.

The history of the fireside may be said to commence in the dark ages; for it reaches back to a time when man was unacquainted with the existence of fire. The early records of nearly all nations refer to a time when that element was unknown. Indeed instances of such ignorance have been met with in comparatively modern times. When Magellan visited the Marian Islands in 1521, the natives believed themselves to be the only people in the world. They were without everything which we regard as necessities, and in total ignorance of fire. Several of their huts being consumed, they at first considered the flame to be a kind of animal that attached itself to the wood, and fed upon it. Some who approached too near, being scorched, communicated their terror to the rest, who durst only look upon it at a distance. They were afraid, they said, that the terrible animal would bite them, or wound them with its violent breathing. They speedily learned to use fire with as much address as Europeans. Few historical facts, therefore, are less doubtful than that man was once without means of artificial heat. A Phœnician tradition attributed its discovery to a hunter observing a conflagration that had been excited in a forest by the attrition of some trees during a storm. Another tradition varies the account: in the winter season, Vulcan the king, coming to a tree on the mountains that had been fired by a thunderbolt, was cheered by its heat; and adding more wood to preserve it, he invited his companions to share in his pleasure, and thereupon claimed to be the inventor of flame. Fire once discovered, the primeval savages, though at first alarmed, gradually felt its blessed influence; and it is thus that tradition gives us an account of the earliest fireside; for around the embers of the burning trees men first learned to herd; 'and as the intercourse continued under the bond of the common enjoyment, the incoherent sounds by which they expressed their emotions were by degrees roughly cast into the elements of speech; thus the discovery of fire gave rise to the first social meeting of mankind, to the formation of language, to their ultimate union, and to all the wonders of subsequent civilisation.* The Chinese historians attribute the earliest power of producing fire at will, by the friction of two pieces of dried wood, to Souginge, one of their first kings. This power once known, the nomadic races in all countries ever availed themselves of it; though a fire made of dried wood or grass in the open air, or in a rude tent, was their sole provision against cold for many ages.

Increased intelligence induced mankind to seek for greater warmth under substantial cover, and the first houses they took to were ready built, being chiefly caves. In the middle of these they made fires, in spite of the smoke, for which there was no other outlet than the hole by which the inhabitants came in and out. The same rude method was continued even when men learnt to build houses, and to congregate in cities; only they made a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, exactly like the Laplanders and some of the Irish at the present day.

The parents of western civilisation, the Egyptians, although they built themselves excellent houses, and were scrupulously nice in their domestic arrangements, either made their fires (for it is cold enough even in that warm climate to need them occasionally) on a central hearth, or used pans of live charcoal to carry about from one room to another. To them is ascribed the invention of bellows to concentrate the energy of fire. The reader will see in the second volume of Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, copies of that instrument taken from paintings on tombs, at least three thousand years old. During the exode and wanderings of the Jews, their fireplaces were precisely like those

* On the History and Art of Warming and Ventilating Rooms and Buildings, &c. By Walter Berman, Civil Engineer. 2 vols. Bell: London.

* Vitruvius, b. ii. c. l.

both of the primitive races and of the modern Arabs—small bonfires in conical tents, with a hole in the apex of the cone to let out the smoke; but after their establishment in Canaan, their houses, it has been inferred, resembled those of the Egyptians, 'wide, thorough aired with windows, and large chambers ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermillion;* and, judging from the terms they had to mark the position, size, and manner of closing the apertures, they must have paid great attention to domestic accommodation. The winter in Palestine being cold and long, and wood abundant, particular apartments were appropriated to the season when fires were wanted, to avoid the nuisance of smoke pervading the house, and soiling its furniture and ornaments. About the latter end of November, king Jehoikim was sitting in his 'winter house,' when he threw the roll of Baruch 'into the fire that was burning on the hearth before him.' The prophet Amos alluded to the same custom, when he declared that the 'winter house, with the summer house,' would be destroyed. From the hearths and braziers in these brumal apartments, the smoke was emitted at a hole in the roof, or by the *arubbah*; for, notwithstanding what some rabbis have written about the Jews being so scrupulous to preserve the purity of the Holy City, that they would not permit the erection of a chimney in Jerusalem, they were, perhaps, as ignorant as the Egyptians of that contrivance. The great improvement that chimneys would have made on Mount Sion itself, is graphically described by Baruch, when he notices 'the faces that were blacked by the smoke that cometh out of the temple.'

The method of using fuel among the Greeks was the same as among the Hebrews, but perhaps without their care for ventilation. Homer describes his princes undressing themselves in the palace, to kill with their own hands the sheep, oxen, and swine they were to eat at dinner; roasting the entrails, and during the entertainment handing them to each other as delicacies. The repast being finished, he shows them sitting for their pleasure on the piled skins of the animals they had slain and devoured, and playing at games of chance, and one of them taking a pastern bone out of a basket in which it was lying, and throwing it at the head of a beggar, but on missing its aim, making a grease spot where it fell on the opposite wall. From this picture of the grossness of ancient manners, it may be concluded that when the poet says, Penelope's maids threw the glowing embers out of the braziers upon the floor, and heaped fresh wood upon them, he did not mean to depict his immortal barbarians burning odoriferous fuel on purpose to sweeten what must have been a vitiated atmosphere. The fire that was quickly to blaze on the hearth, had to diffuse the comforts of light as well as warmth; and the fragrant logs were known to abound with the resinous material of illumination. In the heroic age, they had oil and tallow in abundance, but were ignorant of the method of burning them in lamps; and the only use they appear to have made of wax, was to put it in the ear to shut out sound. Burning fuel was carried into the apartment where light was required, and sometimes placed on altars for the same purpose; and long thin pieces of lighted wood were carried in the hand when they moved from one place to another in the night.

Coal, it has been thought, was known to the Greek naturalists. Theophrastus speaks of fossil substances found in Liguria, and in Elis, in the way to Olympia, and used by smiths, that when broken for use are earthy, and that kindled and burned like wood-coal. The general fuel was green wood; and where that was unattainable, other vegetable and even excrementitious substances were used on the hearth for combustibles. On days of ceremony, it was also customary to burn fragrant substances. When Alexander the Great was at an entertainment, given in the winter by one of his friends, 'a brazier was brought into the apartment to warm it. The day being cold, and the king observing

the small quantity of fuel that had been provided, jeeringly desired his host,' says Plutarch, 'to bring more wood or incense.' The supply of the precious firing appeared to the king too scanty for producing the required warmth; and if it arose from his host being niggardly of the costly fuel, he hinted that some even of the common sort would be acceptable.

The Romans made vast strides of improvement in fireplaces, although they were quite unable to rid themselves of the smoke nuisance. Vitruvius, in his work on architecture, directs that the walls of rooms 'in which fires or many lights are burned, should be finished above the *podium* with polished panels of a black colour, having red or yellow margins round them; and he advises that delicate ornaments should not be introduced into the cornices, because they are spoiled, not only by the smoke of the house, but also by that from the neighbouring buildings.' The principal fireplace in a Roman house of the best kind was built in the bath, chiefly to heat the *caldarium* or sweating-room of a bath. It was a sort of furnace, and called a *hypocaust*, and served also to heat the walls of the whole habitation; quite upon the principle of the hot-air system which has recently been introduced as a modern invention. 'The hypocaust being constructed in the under storey of a building, in the manner described by Vitruvius, several pipes of baked clay were then built into the walls, having their lower ends left open to the hypocaust. These pipes were carried to the height of the first or second storey, and had their upper orifices made to open into the chamber that was to be heated. They were closed by moveable covers. While green wood was burning in the furnace, and the hypocaust filled with its acrid smoke, the covers were not removed from the caliducts; but as soon as the wood was charred, the upper orifices of the pipes were opened, and the hot vapour from the hypocaust then flowed into the chamber.' It is singular, that although these hot-air ducts would have answered to carry off smoke, the Romans never hit upon the expedient of applying them to that purpose.

The excavations of Pompeii have revealed to us the family hearths of the Romans, such as were used in rooms not sufficiently heated by the hypocaust. The general method of procuring a warm in-door climate, was by burning charcoal in a brazier on the pavement in the middle of the room, and allowing the vapour to exude at the door and window. These braziers and tripods, formed of all sizes, in iron and bronze, occasionally displayed great elegance of design and neatness of workmanship, and sometimes were contrived to heat water. One of this description, in the museum at Naples, is 28 inches square, and has four towers, one at each angle, fitted with a lid that can be raised by a ring. The fire-hearth is placed in the square part in the middle, which is lined with iron, as in the common braziers. The fluid to be heated was contained in the towers. Another use of these cup-like towers reminds us once more that there is nothing new under the sun. When Dr Arnott's stove was introduced, it was found to have an injuriously drying effect upon the air, consequently a vase of water was added, to supply the necessary humidity by evaporation. Now, what says Mr Bernal on the use of these foculari? 'The cold dry air of an Italian winter and spring was desiccated to a high degree after being expanded by the heat of a hypocaust, or a fire of charcoal; and these braziers appear a very elegant method of diffusing that quantity of moisture in the air of an apartment that was necessary to make it agreeable and salubrious. Perhaps the evaporation was partially regulated by shutting or opening the lids of the water vessels.'

When the Romans landed in Britain, they found our savage forefathers living either in detached wigwags of wicker-work, in huts of loose stones without chimney or window, or in excavated caves, like the Germans, surrounded by their winter provisions, and stifled with smoke. The following fireside picture is drawn from the Welsh historian Gyrildus:—'Families inhabit a large hut or house, which, having a fire in the midst,

* Jerem. xxii. 14.

serves to warm them by day and to sleep round by night; and he describes the bands of young men who followed no profession but arms, visiting families to whom they were always welcome, and passing the day with the most animated cheerfulness. At length, sunk into repose on a thin covering of dried reeds, spread round the great fire placed in the middle, they lay down promiscuously, covered only by a coarse-made cloth called *brychan*, and kept one another warm by lying close together; and when one side lost its genial heat, they turned about, and gave the chilly side to the fire. The great men endeavoured to improve on this custom during the day. A Welsh prince had an officer in his court called a foot-bearer, whose duty it was, at meal-times, when his master was seated at table, to sit with his back to the fire, and keep the princely feet warm and comfortable by cherishing them in his bosom. In the later feudal times, the spacious lofty hall, left open to the roof, had its windows placed high from the floor, and filled with oiled linen or louver boards, or occasionally with painted glass. The floor of stone or earth had a part at one end raised a little above the general level, and laid with planks. On this platform or dais stood a massive table, and ponderous benches or forms, and a high-backed seat for the master under a canopy. On the hearth, in the middle of the hall, were placed the andirons for supporting the ends of the brands, that were arranged by means of a heavy two-pronged fork, the type and predecessor of the modern poker. On the roof over the hearth was a turret or louver, filled with boards arranged so as to exclude rain and wind, and permit the escape of smoke; and this was sometimes an object of considerable architectural beauty in the external aspect of the building. In this gaunt and aguish apartment, heated by a single fire, the company were in a position not much different from what they would be in the open air: not a particle of heated air could add to their comfort, for as fast as produced, it escaped through the louver: light was the only solace the greater number could derive from the blazing fuel; and the few who were in a situation to feel the radiant heat, were incommoded by the current of cold air sweeping like a hurricane along the floor towards the fire. From the height of the louver, and low temperature of the smoke, few of the buoyant flakes of charcoal found their way into the atmosphere; and the larger the bonfire the thicker was the layer of soot deposited on each individual. Boisterous weather also brought its annoyance. Had the fire been made in an open field, they might have moved to the windward of the smoke, but in the hall, where could they flee to from its miseries? The country houses of inferior landholders and farmers were generally one storey high. If they were built with two storeys, the roof was so deep as to reach to the ceiling of the lower room. The hall and kitchen forming one apartment, and roughly plastered, was open to the timbers of the roof, and sometimes had a louver, and a window that could be closed with a shutter:

‘Barre we the gates,
Cheke we and cheyne we and eche chine stoppe,
That no light loopen yn at lover ne at loupe.’*

When these houses had a room to sleep in, old and young reposed in the same apartment, and several in one bed; servants made their beds on the floor in the kitchen.

Cottages had neither louver nor loupe, and their inmates lay round the fire. Longland describes one of a vagrant group:—

‘Suten at even by the hote coles,
Unlouk his legges abrod other lygge at hus ece,
Nest hym and roste hym and his ryg turn,
Drynye drue and depe, and draw hym than to bedde.’

In lodging-houses, the same packing system was followed, and when a person had a bed to himself, it was

a mark of distinction, and recorded accordingly. In the magnificent strongholds, built near the time of the Conquest, a central hearth is seldom found. Having several storeys in height, and their roofs being used as a terrace for defence, an exit in the common form for the smoke, even from the uppermost chambers, would have been impracticable. A huge recess, therefore, was built at one side of the hall, and on its hearth fuel was burnt, the smoke finding egress by a contrivance which may be regarded as a chimney in its infancy. Over the hearth was a sort of huge funnel, or hole in the wall, which sloped up through its thickness, till it reached daylight in the outer side of the wall.

Wood, turf, and furze were almost the only fuel. The first legal mention of coal was made in 1239, when Henry III. granted a charter to the inhabitants of Newcastle to dig for it; but so great was the prejudice against it, from an erroneous notion that it was injurious to the health, that it was not in general use till the seventeenth century. Meanwhile, the funnel-like smoke-duct of the feudal castle became gradually improved into a chimney. Leland says in his *Itinerary*, speaking of Bolton Castle, ‘One thyng I muche notyd in the hawle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the syds of the walls betwyxt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder *strangely* conveyed.’*

Chimneys were afterwards generally adopted. To old buildings they were added, whilst new ones were never constructed without what a worthy author calls ‘the elegant and commodious tube now known by the name of a chimney.’ By its help the fireside was greatly improved.

The following description applies to the firesides of the end of Henry VIII.’s reign, by which time chimneys or flues had become universal:—‘The windows had curtains, and were glazed in the manner described by Erasmus; but in inferior dwellings, such as those of copyholders and the like, the light-holes were filled with linen, or with a shutter. The hearth-recess was generally wide, high, and deep, and had a large flue. The hearth, usually raised a few inches above the floor, had sometimes a halpas or dais made before it, as in the king’s and queen’s chambers in the Tower. Before the hearth-recess, or on the halpas, when there was one, a piece of green cloth or tapestry was spread, as a substitute for the rushes that covered the lower part of the floor. On this were placed a very high-backed chair or two, and footstools, that sometimes had cushions, and, above all, high-backed forms and screens—both most admirable inventions for neutralising draughts of cold air in these dank and chilling apartments. Andirons, fire-forks, fire-pans, and tongs, were the implements to supply and arrange the fuel. Hearth-recesses with flues were common in the principal chambers of houses of persons of condition; and were superceding what Aubrey calls flues, like louver holes, in the habitations of all classes. The adage, that “one good fire heats the whole house,” was found true only in the humbler dwellings; for in palace and mansion, though great fires blazed in the presence chamber, or hall, or parlour, the domestics were literally famishing with cold. This discomfort did not, however, proceed from selfish or stingy housekeeping, but rather from an affectation of hardihood, particularly among the lower classes, when effeminacy was reckoned a reproach. Besides, few could know what comfort really was; but those who did, valued it highly. Sanders relates that Henry VIII. gave the revenues of a convent, which he had confiscated, to a person who placed a chair for him commodiously before the fire, and out of all draughts.’

* Though many authors antecedent to Leland use the term ‘chimney,’ yet they mean by that word simply ‘fireplace,’ or ‘hearth-recess;’ and the verbal equivalent to the word in the Reformer’s Testament is ‘furnace.’ Leland himself, in using the word, almost defines it by saying, ‘that the chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells;’ or, in other words, the fireplace was continued by a tunnel to the top of the building.

* Ritson. *Metrical Romances*.

This description of an English fireside is accurate, even applied to a much later period—to indeed all the intervening space between the time of Queen Mary and that of William, Prince of Orange; for it was not till the latter reign that coal became the staple fuel. The prejudice against it, which we have before adverted to, was as strong as it was unaccountable. As an instance of it, we may mention, in passing, that when first introduced, the Commons petitioned the crown in 1306 to prohibit burning the 'noxious' fuel. A 'royal proclamation having failed to abate the growing nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned sea-coal within the city and in its neighbourhood, and to punish them by fine for the first offence, and by demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgression; and more vigorous measures had to be resorted to. A law was passed making it a capital offence to burn sea-coal within the city of London, and only permitting it to be used in forges in the neighbourhood. Among the records in the Tower, Mr Astle found a document, importing that in the time of Edward I., a man had been tried, convicted, and executed, for the crime of burning sea-coal in London.' It took, then, three centuries to efface this prejudice; but when once coal was adopted, the whole aspect of the fireside was changed. For the capacious hearth, was substituted the narrower, less social, though compact and tidy one now in use. Chimney-pieces were introduced at first elaborately carved in wood, and afterwards of marble. The fire—held in a grate or stove—was smaller and more concentrated to one part of the room. Despite the hosts of inventions which have for more than a century been in use to improve the grate, it still remains in principle and general utility the same as it did from the first day coal was generally burned. And despite the patents of Polignac, Bernhard, Evelyn, Rumford, for open grates, and those of Arnott and others for closed ones, our family circles still draw around a fireplace differing in no very essential particular from that which warmed our grandfathers and grandmothers. So little good have all modern contrivances really effected, that we of the present hour suffer the same inconveniences as the occupants of the Welsh fireside in the dark ages: when we remain near the fire, the part of our bodies nearest to it is liable to be roasted, whilst our back feels freezing, so that we are obliged, when 'one side has lost its genial heat, to turn about and give the chilly side to the fire.' No invention has as yet enabled us to preserve a uniform and genial artificial climate in every part of our dwellings—an art in which even the Romans excelled us. Yet this is the age of ingenuity and luxury.

SOPHIA OF WOLFENBUTTEL.*

CAROLINA CHRISTINA SOPHIA of Wolfenbuttel, sister of the wife of the emperor Charles VI., was united in marriage to the Prince Alexis, son and presumptive heir of Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy. In her were mingled the fairest gifts of nature and education: lovely, graceful, with a penetrating and cultivated mind, and a soul tempered and governed by virtue; yet with all these rare gifts, which softened and won every other heart, she was nevertheless an object of aversion to Alexis, the most brutal of mankind. More than once the unfortunate wife was indebted for her life to the use of antidotes to counteract the insidious poisons administered to her by her husband. At length the barbarity of the prince arrived at its climax: by an inhuman blow, he reduced her to so wretched a state, that she was left for dead. He himself fully believed that which he so ardently desired, and tranquilly departed for one of his villas, calmly ordering the funeral rites to be duly celebrated.

But the days of the unfortunate princess were not yet

terminated. Under the devoted care of the countess of Konigsmark, her lady of honour, who had been present at the horrible event, she slowly regained health and strength, while her fictitious obsequies were magnificently performed and honoured throughout Muscovy, and nearly all the European courts assumed mourning for the departed princess. This wise and noble countess of Konigsmark, renowned as the mother of the brave marshal of Saxony, perceived that, by not seconding the fortunate deceit of the Prince Alexis, and the nation in general, and by proclaiming her recovery, the unhappy Princess Carolina, already the sport of such cruel fate, would expose herself to perish sooner or later by a more certain blow. She therefore persuaded her wretched mistress, who had scarcely strength to undertake the journey, to seek refuge in Paris, under the escort of an old man, a German domestic. Having collected as much money and jewellery as she was able, the princess set out, with her faithful servant, who remained with her in the character of father, which he sustained during his life; and truly he possessed the feelings and tenderness, as well as the semblance, of a parent.

The tumult and noise of Paris, however, rendered it a place of sojourn ill adapted to the mind of Carolina, and to her desire of concealment. Her small establishment having been increased by a single maid-servant, she accordingly embarked for Louisiana, where the French, who were then in possession of this lovely portion of South America, had formed extensive colonies. Scarcely was the young and beautiful stranger arrived at New Orleans, than she attracted the attention of every one. There was in that place a young man, named Moldask, who held an office in the colony; he had travelled much in Russia, and believed that he recognised the fair stranger; but he knew not how to persuade himself that the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter could in reality be reduced to so lowly a condition, and he dared not betray to any one his suspicions of her identity. He offered his friendship and assistance to her supposed father; and soon his attentive and pleasing manners rendered him so acceptable to both, that a mutual intimacy induced them to join their fortunes, and establish themselves in the same habitation.

It was not long before the news of the death of Alexis reached them through the public journals. Then Moldask could no longer conceal his doubts of the true condition of Carolina, and finding that he was not deceived, he offered with respectful generosity to abandon his pursuits, and to sacrifice his private fortune, that he might reconduct her to Moscow. But the princess, whose bitterest moments had been there passed, preferred, after her adventurous flight, to live far from the dazzling splendour of the court in tranquillity and honourable obscurity. She thanked the noble-hearted Moldask; but implored him, instead of such splendid offers, to preserve her secret inviolable, so that nothing might trouble her present felicity. He promised, and he kept his promise: his heart ardently desired her happiness, in which his own felicity was involved. Living under the same roof, in daily communion, their equal age and ardent feelings kindled in the young man's soul a livelier flame than mere friendship; but respect controlled it, and he concealed his love in his own bosom.

At length the old domestic, who, in the character of father, had shielded the princess, died, and was followed to the tomb by the sincere grief of his grateful mistress—a just recompense for such fidelity. Propriety forbade that Moldask and Carolina should inhabit together the same dwelling after this event. He loved her truly, but loved her good fame more, and explained to her, not without grief, that it was necessary he should seek another abode, unless she, who had already renounced all thought of pride and rank, were content to assume a name dearer and more sacred still than that of friend. He gave her no reason to doubt that vanity, instead of love, was the origin of this pro-

* This extraordinary, but, we believe, true story, is translated from the *Novelle Morali* of Francesco Scave.

posal, since the princess herself was firm in her desire to remain happy in private life. With all delicacy he sought to assure her that he could not but remember, in case of a refusal, that it was scarcely undeserved. Nor could he ever forget how much was exacted from him, by the almost regal birth of her to whose hand he thus dared aspire.

Love, and her desolate and defenceless condition, induced the princess willingly to consent; and, in constituting his felicity, she increased her own. Heaven blessed so happy a union; and in due time an infant bound still closer the marriage tie. Thus the Princess Carolina, born of noble blood, destined to enjoy grandeur, homage, even a throne, having abandoned the magnificence of her former state, in private life fulfilled all the duties of nature and of society.

Years passed happily on, until Moldask was attacked with disease, which required the aid of a skilful surgeon. Carolina was unwilling to confide a life so precious and beloved to the care of surgeons of doubtful skill, and therefore resolved to visit Paris. She persuaded her husband to sell all their possessions, and to embark. The winds were propitious to this pilgrimage; and the medical skill of Paris restored Moldask to health. Being now perfectly cured, the husband sought to obtain employment on the island of Bourbon; and was successful.

Meanwhile, the wife was one day walking with her graceful little girl in a public garden, as was her wont. She sat down on a green bank, and conversed with her child in German, when the marshal of Saxony passing by, was struck with the German accent, and stayed to observe them. She recognised him immediately, and, fearing the same from him, bent her eyes to the ground. Her blushes and confusion convinced the marshal that he was not mistaken; and he cried out, 'How, madame? What do I see? Is it possible?' Carolina suffered him not to proceed, but drawing him aside, she declared herself, praying him to keep sacred the needful secret, and to return with her to her dwelling, where she might with greater care and security explain her situation. The marshal was faithful to his promise; visited the princess many times, though with all due precaution, and heard and admired her history. He wished to inform the king of France, that this august lady might be restored to her rightful honours and rank, and that he himself might thus complete the good work begun by his mother the countess of Konigsmark. But Carolina wished neither to consent, nor openly to oppose his generous design. She asked him to defer his project, until certain plans now pending were accomplished, the termination of which could not be long delayed. Thus she, too happy in being united to a wise and virtuous consort, and contented to live in happy obscurity, kept the marquis at bay.

Near the end of the specified time he again visited her, and learned that, two days previous, she had departed with her husband for the isle of Bourbon. He quickly informed the king of all, who gave orders, through the governor of the island, that Moldask and his wife should be treated with the greatest consideration. Afterward he treated with the Empress Maria Theresa in what way her august aunt should be restored to the splendour due to her rank. The haughty wife, and mother of the czar, knew how to please the most Christian king, and not less generously sent letters to Carolina, in which she invited her to Vienna, promising to overwhelm her with distinctions. But Carolina, foreseeing that a return to her pristine rank at this regal court would debar her from fulfilling the sweet duties of wife and mother, in which all her felicity consisted, refused this offer courageously, but without haughtiness. 'I am so used,' she said to the officer who proposed to reconduct her to the court—'I am so used to this domestic and private life, that I will never change it. Neither to be near a throne, nor to receive the greatest homage, nor to enjoy riches, nor even to possess the universe, would give me the shadow of the pleasure and delight I feel at this moment.' So

saying, she tenderly embraced the one and the other of her dear family.

She lived long with her husband and daughter, serene and contented, dividing her cares and occupations between assisting and amusing the one, and educating the mind and heart of the other. Death snatched from her, within a short interval, these two beloved ones, who had filled her heart with such sweet emotions; and for a long time that heart was a prey to one only sentiment of the deepest grief. Yet not even this sorrow affected her so much, but that she believed the unhappiness of grandeur to be still greater. She constantly refused the repeated invitations to Vienna; and, accepting only a small pension from the liberality of the empress, she retired to Vitry, near Paris, where she wished still to pass under the name of Madame Moldask; but it was impossible longer to conceal her high birth and illustrious ancestry. Notwithstanding this, she never abandoned her accustomed simplicity and retirement of life, in which alone she had begun to find, and found to the last, true felicity.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE.

A HOUSE being usually a fixed object, it may be difficult at first to understand how it should be capable of adventures. Some, indeed, have wings, and might therefore be supposed to have volatile propensities. We talk also of the foot of the stairs. But these are mere phrases, you will say. I grant that a house may be *stable* to all intents and purposes except one, and yet somehow it does not seem to me impossible that it may have its adventures. Cutting short discussion, let me endeavour to bring you to my views by an instance.

The subject of this memoir is a small villa, of which I have a full view from my study window. It is situated in the parish of Podginton, at a convenient distance from London, and belongs to Mr George Burroughs, the eminent wholesale druggist of Camomile Street. It is built at the foot of the hill upon which my own house stands, and was, I must confess, always an eyesore to me; though its owner ever regarded it, I have reason to believe, as one of the most tasteful and elegant structures within twenty miles of the metropolis. When I have described it as it appeared before its adventures began, the reader shall judge whether I am justified in my dislike for the house, or whether Mr Burroughs is to be commended for his taste. It was a square building of faced brick, with a sloping roof of slate. Though it had been built for more than seven years, its glaring newness of outer coating made it a most offensive object in the landscape. The bricks were stuccoed over to imitate stone; and the proprietor had it punctually 'pointed' (as masons call it) every spring, lest it should seem to beholders spoiled and dirty. The style of architecture was of that miscellaneous nature which the learned call composite. When the end of the house happened first to meet your view, you would have pronounced it Gothic, from the pointed arch over the solitary window, and the three tufted towers which started stiffly up from the top and two ends of the roof. The chimneys were florid Tudor of party-coloured bricks. Before the principal entrance was an uncommonly white flight of steps, adorned on each side with a couple of Grecian figures in plaster of Paris. The great dining-room window was an Elizabethan bow.

The lawn was of the finest turf, and kept in such trim order, that I noticed in fine weather the housemaid swept it every morning, as if it were a carpet. The garden walls were of fine red brick, interlined with streaks of mortar dazlingly white, and against them fruit trees were nailed with the most formal neatness. It was evident that the character of the owner was that of a rich, rigid, discipline-enforcing, ease-loving citizen, with a taste for architecture and landscape-gardening by no means refined.

It was, I think, as near as possible this time two

years that the first inkling of adventure took place. I was looking abstractedly at the landscape, being in the agonies of a very difficult sentence which I could not arrange to my satisfaction, when a couple of men made their appearance, and descended the hill towards the house, which, I ought to say was named, in compliment to the street in which Mr Burroughs had made his fortune, 'Camomile Villa.' One of the men was dressed in a velvet shooting-jacket, and carried a small brass telescope, while his attendant's burthen showed me at once that he was a surveyor. The latter bore in his hand two or three staves, with small flags at the end; and on his shoulder, that instrument of torture to conservative country gentlemen, called a theodolite. I augured from this that the doubts, and hopes, and fears which had agitated the parish for the last six months were to be set at rest, and that the eastern branch of the southern railroad was really to pass through Podginton. The surveyor was not long in commencing operations. He planted his flag directly opposite one corner of the Camomile Villa garden, and, after a few telescopic movements, went up to the house and knocked at the door, with a view, as I supposed, of asking permission to enter the grounds. Presently out came Burroughs without his hat, evidently in a terrible passion; now striding about, now pointing to his garden-wall, then at the flag in the field, and finally concluding by retreating back into the villa, and shutting the door in the intruder's face. However, the man had a duty to perform, and did it. He coolly went into the garden by a side gate, and having called to his man, they knocked out a few bricks so as to make a couple of peep holes through each opposite wall. Having taken the necessary levels, they proceeded to an adjoining meadow, and were soon out of sight. This was the first adventure.

The second took place about a fortnight afterwards. On getting up one morning, I found a host of excavators digging the ground within fifty yards of Camomile Villa, and carting the earth against its garden-wall. Again Mr Burroughs appeared without his hat, and began gesticulating to, and stamping at the workmen, who went on shovelling away without taking the smallest notice of his complaints. In explanation of these violent gestures, I learned from a neighbour that Burroughs and the railway company were at open war: but it was manifest from what was going on, that the latter were getting much the best of the contest. It had been decided that Camomile Villa was to be razed, in terms of the act of parliament in the case of that railway specially made and provided. Mr Burroughs, on the other hand, had determined that his house should *not* be pulled down, and thereupon the parties joined issue. Burroughs declared that he would remain in his 'villa' while one brick stood upon another, and indignantly refused compensation for its destruction. But it was evident to me, a casual disinterested looker-on, that poor Burroughs would be turned out of house and hold in the end. In fact, the next morning the work of demolition began. The sharpest, acutest, and best 'pointed' corner of his garden-wall was actually pulled down in spite of threats and remonstrances; and an entire tulip-bed was destroyed by the first layers of a huge embankment which was to fill up the hollow in which the house stood. 'Surely,' I said to my wife, 'the man will not be mad enough to continue to live in the house after so significant a notice to quit?'

But he did; although every day a huge piece was nibbled away from the garden walls, and fresh heaps of earth piled upon the flower-beds, till some of the crumbs of the miniature mountain must have actually intruded themselves into the kitchen window. The rooms on the ground floor were evidently darkened by the mass; for, on passing the villa one day, I saw Mr Burroughs dining by candle-light during a hot sunshine. Still there he was; although the house which contained him could stand another week only by a miracle, for the line of

the embankment would—when completed—actually cut off one end of the building.

That week passed away; the works went on; a new and most disastrous adventure had befallen the devoted house; yet it was still its owner's castle, for in it he continued to reside. One morning, Mr Burroughs was awakened by a thundering noise at the fore door, as if it were being fired at by a company of fusileers. Presently there was a grand crash, and the noise intruded itself into the hall. The obstinate inhabitant got up, and found his passage filled with earth, brick-bats, and rubbish. The truth was, the embankment had been, during the morning's work, widened so as to cover the nice clean door-steps; and, by pressure against the door, had burst it open, and forced its way into Camomile Villa; though not, as I have said, without first knocking very loudly, as each truck of earth was unloaded against it. 'Never mind!' exclaimed the stoic to the contractor, whom he hailed out of a first-floor window; 'the back door is still open to me!'

This contractor was evidently a very good sort of man, and a humorist; for I asked him one day why he did not pull down the house at once without further ceremony. 'Pull it down!' he repeated laughing; 'why, I would not do such a thing for the world, till needs must. It is not much in the way as yet, and I love to see the old fellow hold out as he does. Why, all his servants have left, except an old crone, who cannot get another place, and she lives in nightly terror of being swallowed up in an earthquake. However, he continued, looking towards the Gothic window, 'I must take a shaving off this corner of the house to-morrow, for the embankment is to be completed in a fortnight.'

Sure enough, a day or two afterwards, the threatened 'shaving' was taken off. It consisted of a great portion of the Gothic end, with a small strip of the front wall. This adventure was decidedly the most serious which had befallen the house, and its effects were strangely grotesque. One bedroom, with its furniture properly arranged for a comfortable night's rest, was, by the removal of the walls, completely exposed to the public gaze, and to the sport of the elements. I could plainly discern with the naked eye, from my study window, the washing-stand and ewer flanked by a couple of clean towels on an airing horse. The glazed earthenware glistened in the sun, and the bed curtains sported about in the wind. What had become of the toilet table, on which Burroughs's shaving and dressing tackle was wont, I had been told, to be ostentatiously arranged, the rough 'navigators' who pulled down the wall against which it stood could only tell. It is certain that one of these burly operatives was seen some days after scraping his shovel with an ivory-handled boot-hook, while another was caught in the act of greasing his wheelbarrow out of a pot of *pommade divine*. What the delvers had spared in the devoted bedroom, the wind destroyed. I was witness myself to its causing the bed-curtain sweep the adjacent mantel shelf of its profusion of ornaments, the whole of which fell with a crash upon the floor. About the middle of the day it rained; new disasters were the consequence. The carpet changed colour, the mahogany drawers lost their polish, and the mirror was speckled all over like a frosted scene in a fairy drama. The bed was soon so completely soaked, that it became admirably adapted for an invalid experimenting in the cold water cure.

The general aspect of the room, seen as it was from such an unusual point of view, was curious. Never before had the privacies of the domestic hearth been revealed by means of such a section. I tried to compare it with the descriptions in 'The Devil on Two Sticks'; but the comparison failed; for Asmodeus showed Don Cleophas what was going on within doors by lifting off the roof. He exhibited a bird's-eye view of private life; mine was a view from its side-scenes.

But did the residence of the sturdy citizen survive this heavy blow? It did; and he continued to hold his own

at the other end of the house, to all appearance 'a prosperous gentleman,' which indeed he was, in more senses than one. The proverb says, 'When things come to the worst they will mend;' and so it happened to him and his house. This destruction of one of its sides was the crisis, for a gleam of prosperity now began to dawn.

A few days after the exposure of the bedroom to the vulgar gaze of the parishioners of Podginton, the works of the railway were stopped. There was something wrong at head-quarters; either the engineer was at fault, or the treasurer had gone away to see how the railways got on in America, or Mr Burroughs had succeeded in his litigations; for I forgot to mention that he had brought some eighteen or twenty actions respectively against the directors, surveyors, engineers, contractors, and excavators of the company, on various pleas, and for the recovery of divers amounts of damages. These actions were either for assault and battery—a shovelful of dirt having been somehow thrown over him on one occasion, while he was haranguing the labourers from his door-step—or for trespass and defamation of character, one of the clerks of works having given out that he was mad. At all events, from whatever cause, the works were suddenly put to a stand-still, and remained exactly in the same state as they were left when the men went away on the night of the cessation. The hall of Camomile Villa was still choked up with dirt; the bed-curtains still wanted amidst the furniture; the end of the carpet, which hung over the hole in the floor, where it had joined the departed wall, still flapped about in the breeze.

I was looking out of my window about this time, when I saw—'could it be a dream?'—an extensive company of bricklayers busily employed in rebuilding the ruined gable of the house, and once more enclosing the exposed dormitory. To be quite certain that this was no optical illusion, I went out to inspect this extraordinary proceeding. I was not mistaken. The new wall had already half hidden from view the housekeeper's room on the ground-floor. On extending my survey to the front of the house, I was forcibly reminded of the celebrated Mrs Partington, who endeavoured to oppose the progress of the encroaching Atlantic from her parlour with a mop; for some men were engaged in excavating the choked-up hall, and penetrating into the base of the embankment to dig out the steps; though as fast as one step was brought to light, its next neighbour got re-engulfed. I could not understand the meaning of all this; but at length learnt that Mr Burroughs had met with a temporary success in his lawsuit against the directors, and was rebuilding on the strength of it. He was only waiting, I understood, to receive the amount of the swinging damages he expected to recover, to undo all which had been done, and to restore Camomile Villa to its original amenity.

Thus, then, despite the imminent dangers to which the house had been subjected, it still remained firm on its foundations; and although hardly in such good condition as at first, was in a fair way of recovery. The repairs were completed in a short time, and, in spite of the embankment before the front windows, his family and servants returned, and Burroughs was left in quiet and triumphant possession of his much-loved 'villa.'

The winter came on: and although the druggist had hitherto invariably left his country residence to spend his time in his town-house at that season, yet on the present occasion he altered his plans. To have, as he said, 'beaten the railway company,' was a glorious achievement, and he was determined to live and die in his beloved cottage ornée, in commemoration of the fact. It must be owned, however, that it was a poor monument of his perseverance. Its recovery from the loss of its side left it in a very unsightly condition. The quite new and very white gable contrasted unpleasantly with the huge ugly long brown mound of earth, the removal of which was found a much more difficult process than its deposition. Then the other walls were spattered with clay; and the most industrious housemaid and the

whitest Bath-stone were unequal to keeping the door-steps in that snow-like purity which they used to exhibit; for the rain constantly brought down a detritus of dirty rubbish to dim their lustre. Still, in spite of all, the house had come out of its troubles with surprising stamina, and promised to last quite as long as its owner.

Months went by: the winter set in severely, and nothing happened to the house; in which a merry Christmas was spent by the Burroughses. But, alas! such is the uncertainty of railway speculations, and of the law, that whoever or whatever is so much under their influence as Camomile Villa happened to be, cannot rest long undisturbed. The shareholders had settled their squabbles, and the lord chief justice of the common pleas had, with the full concurrence of twelve jurymen, finally decided against Mr Burroughs's claim for damages. As I laid down the newspaper containing this news, I exclaimed to my wife 'Surely Camomile Villa cannot last much longer now.'

A few days more, and my conjecture seemed in full course of fulfilment. The works of the line were resumed with more vigour than ever; all that part of the embankment which Burroughs had been months in removing, was replaced in one morning, and his family and servants were once more obliged to make use of the back door in their escape to London. But the head of the establishment, despite the heavy discouragements he had received, was still inflexibly determined to remain master of his own house, and to keep possession, in spite of law, railway contractors, and blocked-up doors and windows. Like a second Rienzi, he would cling with a despairing firmness even to the ruins of his capitol.

The workpeople soon gave him an opportunity of indulging in this piece of Romanesque heroism; for the next adventure which befell the house was the removal of its roof, an operation which was adroitly performed on one of the frostiest mornings of the season. How long after this the druggist held out I never heard; but this I know, that a week later, a couple of wagons passed our road laden with the villa furniture. I could not help being affected by the sight, as the carts wound slowly up the hill. It looked like a funeral procession, headed by Burroughs in his buggy, who seemed to act as chief mourner; then came the old housekeeper in cloak and hood, walking silently and sorrowfully, and looking for all the world like a mute. The furniture came next. Peace to Burroughs's mahogany! I trust it has found a less mutable asylum than that which it left.

Of course it was ridiculous giving myself any more thought about the house, for its doom was evidently sealed. The repaired Gothic side soon disappeared, and it was not likely that, by the end of a week, one brick would be left standing on another. Consequently, I seldom removed myself from my study fire to look out of my window in that direction. When, therefore, I once more turned my eyes that way, I expected to find that Camomile Villa's last adventure had been consummated, and that it was swept from the face of the parish; but conceive my astonishment when I beheld, instead, a company of slaters replacing the roof! The tenacity of existence which this house showed was really marvellous. No effort of destruction seemed capable of turning it into a ruin. Its roof, like the heads of Hydra, was no sooner taken off than it reappeared. Well had it been named 'Camomile' Villa; for, like that obstinate flower, the more despitely it was used, the more it prospered.

In course of time the railway was finished; yet, though hardly credible, it is nevertheless true that, despite all its adventures, a part of the house still stands where it did! The roof replaced, and the ugly Gothic side removed, it was turned into the Podginton station; the drawing-room—now level with the rails—being a ticket-office. I have only one other adventure to record. Last Thursday night a locomotive ran away with a luggage train, and got off the line just in time

to take a second 'shaving' off the front entrance. At this moment workmen are busily repairing the damage; which was not so great as might have been expected.

Thus end for the present the adventures of the house—for of course you will acknowledge that the phrase is applicable. The career of Camomile Villa may not even yet be closed. But let us hope that, having taken its stand as a decent railway station, it may rest in peace for some years to come.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR EDWARD JENNER.

THIS celebrated man, the discoverer of the art of vaccination, was born in the vicarage of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, on the 17th of May 1749. He was the third son of the vicar, and his mother was descended from an ancient and respectable family in the neighbourhood. Losing his father at an early age, he was indebted for his education to the care and solicitude of an elder brother. Young Jenner chose the profession of medicine, and after acquiring the elements of the art at Sodbury, near Bristol, he went to London, and became a pupil and inmate of the celebrated John Hunter. From this enthusiastic and successful cultivator of the science of life Jenner caught the true art of philosophic investigation. They instantly became friends, and this friendship continued during life. Having finished his preliminary studies, he now returned to his native village to practise his profession. Other offers were then and subsequently held out to him, but his love of the country made him proof against them all. He was indeed a true lover of nature. With an inquiring and ever active mind, which prompted him to the investigation of nature's works, he had also that deep feeling of the beautiful and fair which accompanies a poetic temperament. His professional journeys through the district were lightened and diversified by scientific pursuits, and many of his leisure hours devoted to discoveries in natural history. His remarks on the singular and anomalous habits of the cuckoo excited the attention of the members of the Royal Society, and found a place in their printed transactions.

But one subject took possession of his mind, and engrossed his chief attention even from his earliest youth. In the great dairy county of Gloucestershire, where his inclination, and, it may be said, his destiny had placed him for a great purpose, it was a prevalent opinion that a disease was communicated from the teats of the cows to the hands of their milkers, by which the latter were ever afterwards protected from small-pox. While Jenner was a student at Sodbury, a young country woman came to seek advice. The subject of small-pox was mentioned in her presence: she immediately observed, 'I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.' This incident rivetted the attention of Jenner, and the impression then made took full possession of his mind, and was never effaced. He communicated his views some time afterwards to John Hunter, who, although he had not turned his mind to the subject, was far from stifling any inquiry of the kind, and who, in his characteristic way, replied to the young philosopher, 'Don't think, but try; be patient, be accurate.' From his professional friends in the country, however, his theory met with nothing but discouragement: they, too, as well as Jenner, had heard the vulgar reports of the country people; but the circumstance was so out of the common routine, that they gave it no credit, and never thought of putting it to the test of experiment. In vain did Jenner urge on the discussion of the subject at their professional meetings—they refused to listen, and even laughed him to scorn. But Jenner, though he was thus compelled to fall back upon his own solitary thoughts, was not the character thus to be persuaded from his pursuit; like every man destined to achieve great things, he was firm of purpose. For twenty years he brooded over the subject, collected facts, and made experiments; till at last,

being fully convinced in his own mind that he had compassed the whole bearings of the subject, he came to the resolution of presenting the great discovery as a gift to mankind. The conclusions to which he arrived were as follows:—

The disease called *variola*, or small-pox, is common to man, and to several of our domestic animals, as the cow, horse, goat, &c.; but while in man it presents a severe and virulent disease, in passing through the system of brutes it becomes a mild and innocent affection.

The heels of horses are often affected with this disease, which, though frequently accompanied by what is called grease, is not identical with this latter. If a portion of the matter from the *vesicles* or little blisters on the heel of the horse be taken and applied to the nipples of the cow, the peculiar disease is communicated to the cow; or, on the other hand, the horse may be infected from the cow. Matter taken from the vesicle of the horse or the cow, and inserted below the skin of the human subject, produces there a similar vesicle of a peculiar nature, which, running its course, protects the individual from an attack of the small-pox.

In order to insure complete success in this operation, certain cautions are necessary. The lymph must be taken before the expiry of a certain number of days, and the person to be vaccinated must be free from any other disease of the skin. Unless these conditions are attended to, a true vaccine disease will not be produced, and consequently no protection will follow.

In the true small-pox, it is a well-ascertained fact, that occasionally there are cases where persons who have gone through the disease regularly have again been seized with a second attack.

The same thing holds true with cow-pox. Although the great majority of those vaccinated are for ever afterwards protected from the disease, yet cases occur where, after vaccination, an attack of small-pox has followed.

Vaccination, then, though not an absolute and universal protection, is as much so as small-pox is from a second attack of the same; with this important recommendation, that it substitutes a mild and harmless affection, or rather, it may be called, a remedy, for a violent and dangerous disease.

Even in those rare cases where small-pox occurs after the most careful vaccination, the disease is always mitigated, and very rarely proves fatal.

Such are briefly the conclusions to which Jenner had arrived at this early period of his investigations; and as a proof of his superior sagacity and accuracy of observation, it may be stated that little more has ever been added to his great discovery, and that subsequent experience has only illustrated the truth of his opinions and the efficacy of his practice.

The first 'Inquiry into the Nature of Cow-Pox,' published by Jenner, was a calm, philosophical, and extremely modest statement of his discoveries; and perhaps on this account it was received with the greater favour by the reflecting portion of the public. Some writers have hinted that he too sanguinely maintained the efficacy of cow-pox, and its future power of totally extirpating small-pox. Some degree of enthusiasm might be pardoned in the original discoverer of such a remedy; but on candidly comparing Jenner's conclusion with the facts which have subsequently occurred, there seems nothing overstrained, and little that can be deducted from his statements.

In the spring of 1780, while riding in company with one of his earliest and dearest friends, his mind being full of the subject, he ventured to unbosom himself of his cherished hopes and anticipations; and after a detail of his opinions—'Gardner,' said he, 'I have intrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove of essential benefit to the human race. I know you, and should not wish what I have stated to be brought into conversation; for should anything untoward turn up in my experiments, I should be made,

particularly by my medical brethren, the subject of ridicule, for I am the mark they all shoot at.'

It was not, however, till 1796, on the 14th day of May, that the first attempt was made to convey, by artificial means, the vaccine virus from one person to another. On that day Jenner took some matter from the hand of Sarah Nelones, who had been infected by her master's cows, and inserted it by two slight scratches of a lancet into the arms of James Phipps, a healthy boy of eight years of age. The disease took effect, and went through its stages in the most regular and satisfactory manner. But now the most agitating part of the experiment remained: it was necessary to ascertain whether this boy was secured from the infection of small-pox. In the following July, varolous matter was carefully inserted into his skin by various incisions, and to the delight and satisfaction of Jenner no disease followed—the protection was complete. He now pursued his experiments with redoubled ardour: the goal of all his ardent hopes was seen close at hand. It was his custom at this time to meditate much as he rambled in the meadows under the castle of Berkeley. He has left us a picture of his feelings at this period full of interest:—'While the vaccine discovery was progressive, the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, was often so excessive, that, in pursuing my favourite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that these reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other mercies flow.'*

It was in 1798 that Jenner's discovery was first published. His intention was, that it should have appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*; but the subject was so strange, so novel, and, withal, so improbable, that some of the learned members hinted in a friendly manner that he should be cautious not to diminish, by any other doubtful discovery, the partial fame which his account of the cuckoo had already gained him. Such facts as these impart some idea of the difficulties his discovery was doomed to encounter. On the publication of his 'Inquiry,' he proceeded to London in person, in order to exhibit to the profession there his process of vaccination, and the success attending it. But—will it be believed?—he remained two months there, and at last returned home without getting any medical man to make trial of it, or any patient to submit voluntarily to the simple and harmless process. That process, which in a few years afterwards millions of individuals eagerly availed themselves of, could not be exhibited, even for a bribe, in a single being. It was only after his return home that Mr Cline, the surgeon, almost clandestinely inserted the matter into a patient, by way of an issue for a diseased joint! Yet it is a wise provision of affairs in this world, that truth will at last and infallibly prevail. The subject of vaccination began to engross public attention; and although many were incredulous, and scoffed at the matter, as is ever the case with what is new and uncommon, yet many, on the other hand, had faith to make trial of it; and finding success attend their experiments, the practice of vaccination extended on all hands. But there never was a discoverer yet who has not in a greater or less degree suffered martyrdom—the ignorant, the envious, the narrow-minded, the purely malicious, for ever hang on the footsteps of the discoverer, irritating and obstructing his progress, and raising a clamour in which they hope the sober and subdued voice of truth will be drowned. Poor Jenner passed many harassing days and sleepless nights, less fearful about the wreck of his own honest fame, than for the success of his great and darling project. He had to answer every blunderer, who, in spite of the plainest directions, was sure always to go wrong in the most essential

points—every failure of every careless experimenter was laid to his door—he was caricatured as a magician, who by and by would turn the human race into cows; and, baser than all, some of those who at one time scoffed at his theories, and despised his attempts to put them into practice, now endeavoured to avert the discovery from Jenner entirely, if not to appropriate it to themselves. Yet time and circumstances, and his own tact and perseverance, seconded by his unyielding confidence in his opinions, brought him many friends and supporters. 'The drop of pearl upon a rose-bud,' as he poetically described the vaccine vesicle to the great statesman Fox, was such a simple, and easy, and beautiful substitute for the loathsome and dreaded blotches of small-pox, that the public at large, and more particularly the female part of it, became the warm and active propagators of the limpid virus. From Britain the practice extended rapidly to the continent. In America, the early cases were most successful: and at last the remotest countries in the world began to share its benefits, till there was not a corner of the peopled globe where the name of Jenner did not become familiar, and where his life-preserving process was not eagerly adopted. Among the many honours and acknowledgments which now and afterwards continued to be poured in upon him, not the least interesting was a document from a race of the North American Indians, authenticated by the symbolical signatures of their chiefs.

The discovery of vaccination now evidently appeared as a manifest boon to mankind. In several countries on the continent of Europe, where the nature of the government allowed of a free control over the habits of the people, the practice of vaccination was so systematically pursued, that small-pox was almost entirely eradicated. In the British navy and army, under a similar surveillance, small-pox was also unknown; but though in the British dominions several vaccinating boards were instituted, yet from the habits of the people, and the absence of a compulsory law, vaccination was not there, and never yet has been, so complete and universal as to banish entirely the lurking malady of small-pox from our shores.

Considering, however, what devotion Jenner had bestowed on the subject, both theoretically and practically; considering the generous and disinterested manner in which, the moment that he became acquainted with its perfect efficacy, he hastened to lay his discovery before the world, his claim to a national compensation and reward could no longer be denied. In 1802 a committee of parliament was appointed to investigate his discovery, and decide on a remuneration. Of the many claimants on national bounty, few ever came forward with better pretensions than Jenner. Yet much caution was employed; and, in the first instance, a grant of only £10,000 was voted, subject to the delays and deductions of fees with which such grants are too often encumbered. This, as Jenner and his friends affirmed, was barely equal to the expenses he incurred, considering his multifarious correspondence, as well as his relinquishment of private practice, and the actual toil of responding to the querists from every region of the globe. Yet it is not to be wondered at if parliament had a wary suspicion of the reports of cures of any kind; for who does not hear of wonderful cures accomplished every day, and well-authenticated also, and yet experience, or further inquiry, proves them all ultimately fallacious; nor could it be forgotten that half a century had not elapsed since the same parliament voted its thousands for a nostrum which was utterly worthless. Happily for the fame of the legislature, however, and for the honour of the country in all future times, in the present instance it judged aright: even its caution was commendable: and allowing an interval of five more years, a further grant of £20,000 redeemed their sense of the progressive importance and continued efficacy of the vaccine discovery. In the meantime, Jenner had taken up his residence in London, with a view to the better furtherance of the interests of vaccination, and

* Barron.

with an idea of establishing himself in practice in the metropolis. But his was not a character fitted for the artificial bustle of the vast city, or the jarring conflicts of professional interests; his mind sickened amid the smoke, as one of his own meadow cowslips would have done, and he hastened back to his fields and his pure country air, and never left his beloved village again.

But he did not return to apathy or indolence. In London some finessing on the part of his professional brethren prevented him from acting as director of the national vaccine board, to which he had been in the first instance appointed; but now, in his own words, he retired to be 'Director-General to the World.' In addition to this, the country people from all the districts around flocked to him for the benefits of vaccination, and his time and skill were ever at the service of the poor. He now, too, enjoyed his favourite pursuits of the study of nature, and shared his leisure hours among his fossils, his birds, his flowers, and the society of his family and his friends. Of every man who has achieved great things, we have a desire to know something not only of his thoughts and habits, but of his personal appearance. An early sketch of Jenner is thus given by his friend Gardner.

'His height was rather under the middle size; his person was robust but active, and well formed. In his dress he was peculiarly neat, and everything about him showed the man intent and serious, and well prepared to meet the duties of his calling. When I first saw him, it was on Frampton Green. I was somewhat his junior in years, and had heard so much of Jenner of Berkeley, that I had no small curiosity to see him. He was dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, buckskins, well-polished jockey boots, with handsome silver spurs, and he carried a smart whip with a silver handle. His hair, after the fashion of the times, was done up in a club; and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. We were introduced on that occasion, and I was delighted and astonished. I was prepared to find an accomplished man, and all the country spoke of him as a skilful surgeon and a great naturalist; but I did not expect to find him so much at home in other matters. I, who had been spending my time in cultivating my judgment by abstract study, and smit from my childhood with the love of song, had sought my amusement in the rosy fields of imagination, was not less surprised than gratified to find that the ancient affinity between Apollo and Æsculapius was so well maintained in his person.' At a later period, his biographer, Dr Barron, then a young man, thus gives an account of a first interview with him. 'He was living at Fladong's hotel, Oxford Street, in the summer of 1808, making arrangements for the national vaccine establishment. The greatness of his fame, his exalted talents, and the honours heaped upon him by all the most distinguished public bodies of the civilised world, while they made me desirous of offering my tribute of respect to him, forbade the expectation of more than such an acknowledgment as a youth circumstanced as I was might have expected. I soon, however, perceived that I had to do with an individual who did not square his manners by the cold formality of the world. He condescended as to an equal. The restraint and embarrassment that might naturally have been felt in the presence of one so eminent, vanished in an instant. The simple dignity of his aspect, the kind and familiar tone of his language, and the perfect sincerity and good faith manifested in all he said and did, could not fail to win the heart of any one not insensible to such qualities. He was dressed in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeens. All the tables in his apartment were covered with letters and papers on the subject of vaccination. He spoke with great good humour of the conduct of the anti-vaccinists, and gave me some pamphlets illustrative of the controversy then carrying on. The day before I saw him, he had had an interview with the Princess of Wales, and he showed me a watch which her royal highness had presented to him on that occasion.' The same friend, at a much later period of their acquaintance,

again remarks—'Dr Jenner's personal appearance to a stranger at first sight was not very striking; but it was impossible to observe him, even for a few moments, without discovering those peculiarities which distinguished him from all others. The first things that a stranger would remark were the gentleness, the simplicity, the artlessness of his manner. There was a total absence of all ostentation or display, so much so, that in the ordinary intercourse of society he appeared as a person who had no claims to notice. He was perfectly unreserved, and free from all guile. He carried his heart and his mind so openly, so undisguisedly, that all might read them. His professional avocations, and the nature of his pursuits, obliged him to conduct his inquiries in a desultory way. At no period of his life could he give himself up to continued or protracted attention to one object: there was, nevertheless, a steadiness in working out his researches amid all the breaks and interruptions which he met with, that can only belong to minds constituted as his was.'

With all the simple and genial qualities of an unsophisticated heart, Jenner had, when the occasion required, all the firmness and dignity becoming a man conscious of the possession of talent. On one occasion, in the drawing-room of St James's, he chanced to overhear a noble lord mention his name, and repeat the idle calumny which had got abroad, that he himself had not really confidence in vaccination. He with much promptitude refuted the charge, and stepping up to the noble lord, to whom he was unknown, calmly observed, 'I am Dr Jenner.' Any unpleasant recollection of this circumstance was most likely, on the part of Jenner, soon dissipated; but not so with the noble statesman; his remarks some time afterwards, in his place in parliament, when Jenner's claims came to be discussed, showed that he had not forgotten it.

When the continental sovereigns visited London in 1814, Jenner was presented to the Emperor Alexander of Russia by his sister, the grand duchess of Oldenburg. In describing this interview, he says, 'I was very graciously received, and was probably the first man who had ever dared to contradict the autocrat. He said, "Dr Jenner, your feelings must be delightful. The consciousness of having so much benefited your race must be a never-failing source of pleasure, and I am happy to think that you have received the thanks, the applause, and the gratitude of the world." I replied to his majesty that my feelings were such as he described, and that I had received the thanks and the applause, but not the gratitude of the world. His face flushed; he said no more; but my daring seemed to give displeasure. In a short time, however, he forgot it, and gave me a trait of character which showed both great goodness of heart and knowledge of human nature. My inquiries respecting disease of the lungs had reached the ears of the grand duchess, the most interesting being that I had ever met with in a station so elevated. She was present, and requested me to tell to her brother, the emperor, what I had formerly said to her imperial highness. In the course of my remarks I became embarrassed. She observed this, and so did the emperor: "Dr Jenner," said she, "you do not tell my brother what you have to say so accurately as you told me." I excused myself by saying that I was not accustomed to speak in such a presence. His majesty grasped me by the hand, and held on for some time, not quitting me till my confidence was restored by this warm-hearted and kind expression of his consideration.'

As his life was an active and benevolent, so, on the whole, may it be termed a prosperous and a comparatively happy one. Latterly, he had domestic afflictions, which to a sensitive heart are the heaviest of sorrows. He lost his favourite son, his newly-married daughter, and at last his amiable wife, whose delicate constitution he had tended with all the assiduity which deep affection and respect could dictate. He reached a good old age, with his general health and mental powers unimpaired to the last. On the 26th January 1823, he died

suddenly of apoplexy, in the 74th year of his age. He lies buried in the chancel of the church at Berkeley, where a monument has been erected to his memory by his professional brethren.

It is now almost half a century since the first introduction of vaccination, and at least forty years since its general adoption—a sufficient time, one would think, to test its efficacy, and yet there are several circumstances relating to it which have not yet been definitely determined. In the first place, it cannot be denied that on the whole it has been a successful remedy, and that it has produced a remarkable effect on the general population. Small-pox, if it has not been entirely eradicated, has been disarmed of most of its terrors; and notwithstanding the cases of failure of protection from its ravages which occasionally occur, yet the general confidence never has been withdrawn from the practice of vaccination.

Both before and since the death of Dr Jenner, it became known that cases sometimes occurred where persons who had been vaccinated were seized with small-pox. At first, it was supposed that those cases were instances where vaccination had not taken proper effect, either from an imperfect quality of the virus used in vaccination, or from a peculiar habit of the person vaccinated. But it was afterwards ascertained that persons in whom the process had been practised with the utmost care, and in whom the disease appeared to go through its course in the most favourable manner, were yet not protected from small-pox. It is true, in all these cases of seizure the affection was of a much milder kind than even the inoculated small-pox, and in a very small proportion indeed did death occur, perhaps not one case in several thousands; yet there could be no doubt but that the disease was in reality true small-pox, under a mild and modified form.

It became evident, then, that there were exceptions to the universal protection against small-pox, and that this disease might occur after vaccination, just as an individual might be seized with a second attack of small-pox. This was a fact known to Dr Jenner even before he gave his discovery to the world. In his early pursuit of the inquiry he was much staggered by it, but further experience enabled him to perceive that it was only an exception to a general rule; and all experience since, both in public vaccine institutions and in private practice, has only tended to confirm it.

Seeing, then, that such exceptions from time to time continued to occur, and as they multiplied in number by time and the general diffusion of vaccination, another question began to be agitated—whether the vaccine matter, by passing through innumerable human beings, had not lost its character and consequent efficacy; and whether it would not be necessary again to have recourse to the cow?

The most experienced vaccinators seem to give no countenance to this opinion. They affirm that the character of the vaccine vesicle is exactly the same, and its development, in all its stages, as regular and complete as it was when first discovered; and that, when compared with vesicles produced by matter directly from the cow, there is no difference; that even in the early stages of the employment of vaccination, failures, as already stated, began to appear; and that these failures are probably not more in proportion now than they were then.

A suggestion of another kind has been advanced—that probably the protection of the vaccine matter is only of a temporary nature, and that it becomes exhausted in the course of time, and thus leaves the constitution open to an attack of small-pox. If this had been the case, then in the course of the last forty-five years all those persons vaccinated should have by this time successively had attacks of small-pox when exposed to infection. This, however, has by no means happened; so that the fact cannot be true as a general rule, though, as we shall afterwards state, it may hold in some respects as regards individuals at different periods of life;

and thus the propriety of a second vaccination about the age when the individual is entering on the period of manhood has been frequently suggested.

Taking all these exceptions into account, there can be no doubt but that the practice of vaccination, with its partial drawbacks, has been an inestimable boon to mankind. It has been ascertained that every fourteenth child born was cut off by small-pox; and that in most cases where adults were infected, a death occurred out of every seven. If to this we add the other fatal diseases called into action by this malady, the influence on the increase of population by the check it has received from vaccination must be held to be very considerable. We accordingly find that, previous to 1780, the annual mortality in England and Wales was rated at one in forty; whereas at the present time it is one in forty-six. No doubt other causes have combined to improve the general health, but that the preventive power of vaccination has been mainly instrumental, appears, even from the diminished deaths from small-pox, sufficiently evident. Indeed we have only to call to mind the scarred and pitted faces, marred features, and opaque and sightless eyeballs of former days, to be convinced of the essential service which has been rendered to the community.

'TALES OF THE COLONIES.'

EIGHTEEN months ago, we noticed a work under the above title, of which it would be difficult to say whether it abounded more in the spirit-stirring scenes usually found in fiction, or in sound views respecting emigration to, and settlement in, perhaps the finest of the Australian colonies—Van Diemen's Land. As to a great extent the adventures of a settler—an English farmer—in that distant colony, who, after undergoing many mishaps, while the country was still in a crude condition, had lived to reap the reward of his perseverance, such a work could not fail to be very generally acceptable; and we are glad to know that it has been so much so as to pass already into a third edition. Desirous of rendering his work more extensively available, the author has judiciously issued it in a single volume;* and as a copy of this cheap edition has been placed under our notice, we take leave to bring it once more before our readers.

Having on the former occasion described the contents of the book at considerable length, it is now unnecessary to say more on that subject. Being desirous, however, of conveying an idea of the author's powers of narration, we may offer the following extract, which refers to a state of society in the colony, now, we believe, gone.

THE BUSHRANGER.

In crossing the country one day, and at a distance from any habitation, Mr Thornley, the settler, to his surprise and fear beheld at a short distance approaching him a noted bushranger, known by the name of 'the Gipsy,' who had latterly, with a band of associates, become the dread of the colony. He was a tall well-made man, one apparently above the ordinary character of convicts, and whom it was distressing to see in such a situation. The parties approached each other with mutual distrust. Thornley knew he had a desperate character to deal with, and pointed his gun at him; but the bushranger seemed desirous of a parley, and after a few words, says the writer, 'he laid his gun quietly on the grass, and then passed round me, and sat down at a few yards' distance, so that I was between him and his weapon. "Well, Mr Thornley," said he, "will that do? You see I am now unarmed. I don't ask you to do the same, because I cannot expect you to trust to me; but the truth is, I want to have a little talk with you. I have something on my mind which weighs heavy on

* London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1045.

me, and whom to speak to I do not know. I know your character, and that you have never been hard on your government men, as some are. At any rate, speak to some one I must. Are you inclined to listen to me?"

"I was exceedingly moved at this unexpected appeal to me at such a time and in such a place. There was no sound, and no object save ourselves, to disturb the vast solitude of the wilderness. Below us flowed the Clyde, beneath an abrupt precipice; around were undulating hills, almost bare of trees; in the distance towered the snowy mountain which formed the boundary to the landscape. I looked at my companion doubtfully; for I had heard so many stories of the treachery of the bushrangers, that I feared for a moment that this acting might only be a trick to throw me off my guard. Besides, this was the very man whom I knew to have been at the head of the party of bushrangers who had been captured at the Great Lake.

"He observed the doubt and hesitation which were expressed in my looks, and pointed to his gun, which was on the other side of me.

"What more can I do," said he, "to convince you that I meditate neither violence nor treachery against you? Indeed, when you know my purpose, you will see that they would defeat my own object."

"What is your purpose, then? Tell me at once—are you one of the late party of bushrangers who have done such mischief in the island?"

"I am: and more than that, I am—or rather was—their leader. I planned the escape from Macquarie harbour; and it was I who kept them together, and made them understand their strength, and how to use it. But that's nothing now. I do not want to talk to you about that. But I tell you who and what I am, that you may see I have no disguise with you; because I have a great favour—a very great favour—to ask of you; and if I can obtain it from you on no other terms, I am almost inclined to say, take me to Camp as your prisoner, and let the capture of the Gipsy—ah! I see you know that name, and the terror it has given to the merciless wretches who pursue me—I say, let the capture of the Gipsy, and his death, if you will—for it must come to that at last—be the price of the favour that I have to beg of you!"

"Speak on, my man," I said; "you have done some ill deeds, but this is not the time to taunt you with them. What do you want of me? and if it is anything that an honest man can do, I promise you beforehand that I will do it."

"You will!—but you do not know it yet. Now listen to me. Perhaps you do not know that I have been in the colony for ten years. I was a lifer. It's bad that; better hang a man at once than punish him for life: there ought to be a prospect of an end to suffering; then the man can look forward to something; he would have hope left. But never mind that. I only speak of it because I believe it was the feeling of despair that first led me wrong, and drove me from bad to worse. Shortly after my landing I was assigned to a very good master. There were not many settlers then, and we did not know so much of the country as we do now. As I was handy in many things, and able to earn money, I soon got my liberty on the old condition; that is, of paying so much a-week to my master. That trick is not played now, but it was then, and by some of the big ones too. However, all I cared for was my liberty, and I was glad enough to get that for seven shillings a-week. But still I was a government prisoner, and that galled me; for I knew I was liable to lose my license at the caprice of my master, and to be called into government employ. Besides, I got acquainted with a young woman, and married her, and then I felt the bitterness of slavery worse than ever; for I was attached to her sincerely, and I could not contemplate the chance of parting from her without pain. So about three years after I had been in this way, I made an attempt to escape with her in a vessel that was sailing for England. It was a mad

scheme, I know; but what will not a man risk for his liberty?"

"What led you to think of going back to England? What were you sent out for?"

"I have no reason to care for telling the truth. I was one of a gang of poachers in Herefordshire, and on a certain night we were surprised by the keepers, and somehow, I don't know how, we came to blows; and the long and the short of it is, one of the keepers was killed; and there's the truth of it."

"And you were tried for the murder?" "I and two others were; and one was hanged, and I and my mate were transported for life." "Well, the less that's said about that the better; now go on with your story; but let me know what it is you would have me do for you."

"I'll come to that presently; but I must tell you something about my story, or you will not understand me. I was discovered in the vessel, concealed among the casks, by the searching party, and brought on shore with my wife; and you know, I suppose, that the punishment is death. But Colonel Davey—he was governor then—let me off: but I was condemned to work in chains in government employ. This was a horrid life, and I determined not to stand it. There were one or two others in the chain-gang all ready for a start into the bush, if they had any one to plan for them. I was always a good one at head-work, and it was not long before I contrived one night to get rid of our fetters. There were three others besides myself. We got on the top of the wall very cleverly, and first one dropped down (it was as dark as pitch, and we could not see what became of him), then another dropped, and then the third. Not a word was spoken. I was the last, and glad enough was I when I felt myself sliding down the rope outside the yard. But I had to grin on the other side of my mouth when I came to the bottom. One of the sneaks whom I had trusted had betrayed us, and I found myself in the arms of two constables, who grasped me tightly. I gave one of them a sickener, and could have easily managed the other, but he gave the alarm, and then lots of others sprang up, and lights and soldiers appeared. I was overpowered by so many. They bound my arms, and then I was tried for the attempt to escape, and the assault on the constable, and condemned to Macquarie harbour for life.

"I have not told you that my wife brought me a child. It is now seven years old. I loved that child, Mr Thornley, more than a parent usually loves his child. It was all in all to me. It was the only bright thing that I had to look upon. When I was sentenced to Macquarie harbour for life, it would have been a mercy to put me to death. I should have put myself to death, if it had not been for the thought of that little girl. Well, sir, I will not say more about that. When a man takes to the bush, and has done what I have done, he is thought to be a monster without feeling or affection. But people don't understand us. There is no man, sir, depend upon it, so bad that he has not some good in him; and I have had some experience: for I have seen the worst of us—the very worst—in the most miserable of all conditions—for that Macquarie harbour is a real hell upon earth! There is no time to tell you about the hardships and the miseries which the prisoners suffer in that horrible place—it soon kills them. But my greatest misery was being deprived of my little girl—my plaything—my darling—my life! I had not been at Macquarie harbour a month, before news came that my wife was dead. I'll tell you the truth, sir: attached to her as I was, I was rather glad than sorry for it. I could not bear the thought of her falling into anybody else's hands; and as our separation was now absolutely and hopelessly for ever—it is the truth—I was rather glad than sorry when I heard of her death. But my poor little child! I thought of her night and day, wondering and thinking what would become of her! I could think of nothing else. At last my thoughts began to turn to the possibility of escaping from Macquarie harbour, desperate as the attempt appeared; for, to cross the bush without arms, and without provisions, exposed to the attacks of the natives, seemed all but an

impossibility. But almost anything may be done by resolution and patience, and watching your opportunity."

[The escape having been effected,] "We scrambled away as well as we could, till we got a little distance off, and out of hearing, and then we set to with a will, and rid ourselves of our fetters, all except three, and these were too tightly fitted to be got off on a sudden without better tools. We got the three chained men along with us, however, as well as we could, for we would not leave them; so we helped them on by turns; and the next day, when we were more easy, we contrived to rid them of their incumbrances. We hastened on all night. I ought to tell you that we heard the bell rung and the alarm given; but we had gained an hour good, and the ungagging of the sentinels and the overseers, and hearing their story, took up some time no doubt. Besides, it is not easy to hit on a track in the dusk, and as there were fourteen of us, armed with two muskets, our pursuers would not proceed so briskly as they otherwise might, and would not scatter themselves to look after us. We were without provisions; but we did not care about that; and not being used to long walks, we were soon knocked off. But the desire of liberty kept us up, and we struck right across the country in as straight a line as we could guess. The second day we were all very sick and faint, and the night before was very cold, and we were cramped and unfit to travel. The second night we all crept into a cave, which was sandy inside, where we lay pretty warm, but we were ravenously hungry. We might have shot more than one kangaroo that day, but it was agreed that we should not fire, lest the report of our gun should betray our resting-place to our pursuers. As we lay huddled together, we heard the opossums squealing in the trees about, and two of us, who were least tired, tried to get some of them. When we climbed up the trees, they sprang away like squirrels, and we had no chance with them that way; besides, it was dark, and we could distinguish them only faintly and obscurely. We did contrive, however, to kill five by pelting them on a long overhanging bough; but they remained suspended by their tails, and did not drop, although dead. To hungry men a dead opossum is something; so one of us contrived to climb to them and get them down; and then we lighted a fire in the cave, quite at the extremity inside, to prevent the flame from being seen, and roasted them as the natives do. They were horrid rank things to eat, and almost made us sick, hungry as we were; but I don't think a hair of them was left among us. The next day we shot a kangaroo; but we feared to light a fire because of the smoke, so we ate it raw.

"We first struck on the outskirts of New Norfolk, and we debated what we should do. Some were for attacking the settlement, and getting arms; but I persuaded them that it would be better for us to endeavour to seize some small vessel, and escape altogether from the colony; and in the meantime to keep ourselves close, and not give any alarm. My companions agreed to this, and we struck across the country to Brighton Plains, and so to Pitt Water, where we expected to find some large boats, or perhaps some small vessel, by means of which we might get away."

"And how was it that you did not follow that plan?"

"We did follow it: we got to Pitt Water, and lay snug there for a while: but we were obliged to rob a settler's house of provisions for food, and that first gave the alarm. We made a dash at a boat, but it was too late; precautions had been taken, and the soldiers were out after us. We were then obliged to retreat from Pitt Water, intending to get into the neighbourhood of the lakes, and go farther westward if necessary, and retreat to the coast, where we judged we should be too far off to be molested."

"You did a great deal of mischief at Pitt Water before you left it, if all the stories are true?"

"We did, Mr Thornley, I own it: but my men were determined to have arms, and the settlers of course re-

sisted, and some of my men got wounded, and that made them savage."

"And afterwards you attacked poor Moss's cottage?"

"My men had been told that he had a large sum in dollars at his hut—I am surprised that settlers can be so foolish as to take valuables into the bush—that was all they wanted."

"But why did you take poor Moss along with you?"

"I was obliged to do it to save his life. Some of my men would have knocked him on the head if I had not prevented them. It's true, Mr Thornley, it is indeed—I saved his life."

"Well, that's something in your favour. And now, as the sun is sinking fast, and as the dusk will come on us presently, tell me at once what you would have me do for you."

"Mr Thornley," said the bushranger, "I have told you of my little girl. I have seen her since the dispersion of my party at the Great Lake. You know that I and another escaped. Since then I have ventured in disguise into Hobart Town itself, and have there seen my child. The sight of her, and her embraces, have produced in me a strange feeling. I would willingly sacrifice my life to do her good; and I cannot conceal from myself that the chances are that I must be taken at last; and that if I do not perish miserably in the bush, I shall be betrayed, and shot or hanged."

"And what can I do to prevent it?"

"You can do nothing to prevent that end, for I know that I am too deep in for it to be pardoned. If I were to give myself up, the government would be obliged to hang me for example's sake. No, no; I know my own condition, and I foresee my own fate. It is not of myself that I am thinking, but of my child. Mr Thornley, will you do this for me—will you do an act of kindness and charity to a wretched man, who has only one thing to care for in this world? I know it is much to ask, and that I ought not to be disappointed if you refuse it. Will you keep an eye on my poor child, and, so far as you can, protect her? I cannot ask you to provide for her; but be her protector, and let her little innocent heart know that there is some one in the wide world to whom she may look up for advice—for assistance, perhaps, in difficulty; at all events, for kindness and sympathy: this is my request. Will you have so much compassion on the poor, blasted, and hunted bushranger, as to promise to do for me this act of kindness?"

"I gazed with astonishment, and, I must add, not without visible concern, on the passionate appeal of this desperate man in behalf of his child. I saw he was in earnest: there is no mistaking a man under such circumstances. I rapidly contemplated all the inconveniences of such an awkward charge as a hanged bushranger's orphan. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I caught the eye of the father. There was an expression in it of such utter abandonment of everything but the fate of his little daughter, which seemed to depend on my answer, that I was fairly overcome, and could not refuse him. "I will look after her," I said; "but there must be no more blood on your hands: you must promise me that. She shall be cared for; and now that I have said it, that's enough—I never break my word."

"Enough," said he, "and more than I expected. I thank you for this, Mr Thornley, and could thank you on my knees. But what is that? Look there! A man on horseback, and more on foot. I must be on my guard."

"As he spoke, the horseman galloped swiftly towards us. The men on foot came on in a body, and I perceived they were a party of soldiers. The Gipsy regarded them earnestly for a moment, and then ran to his gun, but in his eagerness he tripped and fell. The horseman, who was one of the constables from Hobart Town, was too quick for him. Before he could recover himself and seize his gun, the horseman was upon him. "Surrender, you desperate villain, or I'll shoot you."

'The Gipsy clutched the horse's bridle, which reared and plunged, throwing the constable from his seat. He was a powerful and active man, and catching hold of the Gipsy in his descent, he grappled with him, and tried to pinion his arms. He failed in this, and a fearful struggle took place between them. "Come on," cried the constable to the soldiers; "let us take him alive!"

'The soldiers came on at a run. In the meantime, the constable had got the Gipsy down, and the soldiers were close at hand, when suddenly, and with a convulsive effort, the Gipsy got his arms round the body of his captor, and with desperate efforts rolled himself round and round, with the constable interlaced in his arms, to the edge of the precipice. "For God's sake!" cried the constable with a shriek of agony, "help, help! We shall be over!" But it was too late. The soldiers were in the act of grasping the wretched man's clothes, when the bushranger, with a last convulsive struggle, whirled the body of his antagonist over the dreadful precipice, himself accompanying him in his fall. We gazed over the edge, and beheld the bodies of the two clasped fast together, turning over and over in the air, till they came with a terrible shock to the ground, smashed and lifeless. As the precipice overhung the river, the bodies had not far to roll before they splashed into the water, and we saw them no more.'

The reader may be interested to know that Mr Thornley was better than his word. He sought the daughter of the unfortunate man, took her home to his house, and afterwards sent her to England.

MODEL CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE.

THE lodging-houses resorted to by occasional residents of the humbler classes in large cities, are generally of a wretched kind. The persons who keep them necessarily seek to make a profit on tenants at the rate of about threepence a-night, for which they furnish, besides bed-accommodation, the use of a fire for cooking, and, in some cases, the means of cleaning or blacking shoes. Situated in the meanest neighbourhoods, often wretchedly furnished and ill-kept, unprovided with direct supplies of water, or the conveniences necessary for the preservation of delicacy, these houses are not, in general, either healthy, comfortable, or favourable to the morals of their occupants. It is indeed one of the most affecting of the many forms of hardship incidental to the poor man's life, that it forbids him on many occasions to dispose himself amongst things which are pure and of good report, or which any good taste he may possess would incline him to select. It often happens, we understand, from the indiscriminate manner in which lodgers are received in these houses, that an honest labouring man is robbed between night and morning of the scanty earnings which he had realised at harvest or otherwise, and on which he was depending for the fulfilment of the most important objects when he should have reached his home. Such houses, too, having no regulations against the introduction of liquors, it necessarily follows that the sober are exposed to temptation, or at least to the disgust with which they must unavoidably behold intemperate indulgences.

Not overlooking the fact, that many houses of this kind are managed by decent and well-disposed persons, but believing that the majority are otherwise, and that it is desirable that an example of superior management should be set before them, a society of charitable persons lately resolved to attempt such an establishment in Edinburgh. In the humble street called the West Port, remarkable for the proportion of poor Irish in its population, there is a tall modern tenement, consisting, besides a floor of shops on the level of the street, of one sunk floor and three upper storeys. The whole of this house, exclusive of the shops, was obtained at a rent of twenty-five pounds, and it was immediately furnished in a plain but cleanly and substantial style, each room containing one or more beds, while, in the lower floor, there is a kitchen for general resort and for cooking,

besides a wash-house and scullery. On each floor there is a water-pipe with sink: other needful conveniences are not overlooked. This large mansion was put under the care of a veteran sergeant and his wife—persons of select character—who, with a servant, keep the whole in order.

The Victoria Lodging-house, as it is called, has been in operation since September of last year, and seems likely to thrive. We visited it lately, and found that scarcely a night passes without seeing it nearly full. It is a pattern of cleanliness, and the whole of the arrangements seem to be excellent. At present, the number of lodgers receivable is limited to about thirty-eight; but, finding the number of applicants often exceeding their complement, the managers contemplate furnishing an additional floor, and will then be able to accommodate fully fifty. There may be a curiosity as to the style of the rooms and furniture. The former are plain whitewashed well-lighted apartments, such as those usually devoted to servants in genteel houses: it strikes us that we have occupied inferior rooms in hotels at half-a-crown a-night, when we chanced to be among the last of many arrivals. The chief article of furniture in each is an iron bedstead, provided with a flock-bed, blankets, and sheets. We were particular in turning down the clothes, and were pleasantly surprised to find the article last-mentioned clean and comfortable, albeit of the homeliest texture. The kitchen, or rather hall for general resort, is a comfortable place, provided with a good fire, oven, and boiler for continual hot water. Here the inmates attend to their own cuisine, for it is a rule of the establishment not to go beyond its proper line of offering simple domestic accommodation.

The daily charge for an individual is threepence. For this sum he has the use of a furnished house the whole day, and of a bed at night. Here, moreover, he is sure that discrimination is, as far as possible, exercised with respect to those who are to be his associates, and that he is safe from all connexion with intemperate revels and their tissue of disgusting consequences—for *no liquor can on any account be introduced into the house*. The privilege thus placed within the reach of the poor man we hold to be of infinitely more importance than clean rooms and comfortable furnishings, although these are also to be estimated highly. In particular cases, a group of people connected with each other—as, for instance, a detachment of Highland regiments—are allowed to have a separate room. Last year, such a band actually were accommodated in this manner over a Sunday, and thus were enabled to have scriptural readings and devotions in the language and fashion of the mountains, without troubling or being troubled by others. It is remarkable how much the generality of the inmates are disposed to observe and support the rules of the house. The New Year might have been supposed to be a trying time for these poor people, accustomed as most of them must have been to usher it in with conviviality; but on that occasion not one of the twenty or thirty inmates attempted to introduce a single gill of liquor.

If this establishment were designed, by the employment of charitable funds, to supersede the exertions of poor persons in a humble line of business, who, having to live by their trade, could not pretend to compete with such rivalry, it would not be entitled to public sympathy. But the object of the founders is of no such nature. They aim at making the establishment support itself; in which case—as the salary of the superintendent and his wife would be a profit to a humble couple carrying on the business on their own account—it would be shown that the usual daily outlay of the labouring man for lodging ought to obtain for him, at the hands of private enterprise, better accommodation than at present, with exemption from much that is disgusting and corrupting, as well as immediately dangerous, in such resorts. If the Victoria Lodging-house shall serve as merely a stimulus to the partial improvement of private establishments of the same kind, no one can doubt that it will have done an unequivocal good.

THE MIRROR OF THE DANUBE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

O'er forests bright with fading leaves,
 On hills of misty blue,
 And on the gathered gold of sheaves
 That by the Danube grew,
 The setting sun of autumn shed
 A mellow radiance rich and red,
 As ever dyed the storied flood,
 Since Roman blent with Dacian blood.
 But Rome and Dacia both were gone,
 Yet the old river still rolled on;
 And now upon its sands, apart,
 A peasant mother stood,
 With beaming eye and bounding heart,
 Marking the fearless mood
 Of her young children's mirth that rang
 Where late the joyous reaper sang.
 She blessed each yet unadvised voice,
 Each head of golden hair,
 Her rosy girl, her blooming boys,
 And their young sire; for there
 Was gathered all that meek heart's store:
 The earth for her contained no more,
 Yet with the love of that long gaze,
 Were blent far dreams of future days;
 And oh to learn what time's swift wing
 To her life's blossoms yet might bring.
 Then came a sound like passing wind
 O'er the old river's breast,
 And that young mother turned to find,
 Upon the wave impressed,
 The mirrored semblance of a scene
 That never on its banks had been.
 It seemed a pillared fane that rose
 For justice far away,
 In some old city at the close
 Of a long trial day;
 When hope and doubt alike were past,
 And bright the midnight torches cast
 Their splendour on a breathless crowd,
 Dense as the summer's thunder cloud;
 E'er the first lightning breaks its gloom,
 Waiting the words of death and doom.
 But far amid that living sea
 Of faces dark and strange,
 One visage claimed her memory;
 In spite of time and change,
 And all that fortune's hand had done,
 The mother knew her first-born son.
 Sternly he sat in judgment there;
 But who were they that stood
 Before him at that fatal bar?
 Was he—the unsubdued
 In heart and eye, though more than age
 Had written on his brow's broad page
 The fiery thoughts of restless years,
 Whose griefs had never fallen in tears;
 Unblanched by guilt, untouched by scorn,
 Her beautiful, her youngest born,
 And he upon whose hair and heart,
 Alike had fallen the snows
 Of winters that no more depart;
 The worn of many woes
 And hopeless years—was he in truth
 The loved, the chosen of her youth?
 She knew not what of woe and crime
 Had scored each form and soul,
 Nor how the tides of fate and time
 Had borne them to that goal;
 So much unlike that peaceful scene
 Of stream, and corn, and sunset shone:
 And they, oh how unlike to those
 Whose fearless joy around her rose!
 And yet through sorrow, guilt, and shame,
 She knew they were the very same.
 Their judge, perchance, he knew them not;
 For o'er his brow there passed
 No troubled shade of haunting thought
 From childhood's roof-tree cast;
 Stave that his glance, so coldly bright,
 Fell with a strange unquiet light
 Upon a face that still was fair,
 Though early worn and wan.
 Yet lines of loftier thought were there;
 The spirit's wealth, that ran
 To waste, for sin bore darkly down
 What might have worn an angel's crown.
 And o'er that mother's eye, which yet
 Beheld, and wept not till it met
 The gaze of her lost girl, there came
 A sudden gush of sorrow's stream,
 As though the drop that overflowed
 Its urn had fallen there.

But when it passed that darkening cloud,
 And she looked forth again
 On the old river, vanished all
 Were city, crowd, and judgment-hall.
 The autumn night, with sudden gloom,
 Came down on sea and shore,
 And silently her cottage home
 She sought; but never more
 Gazed on the Danube's slumbering wave,
 Nor wept above an early grave;
 Or cast one look of pride and joy
 On rosy girl or blooming boy;
 And even from their haunts of play
 Her glance was sadly turned away;
 But deep in dreamless slumber sealed
 Her eyes from all the tears
 Whose coming that bright eye revealed.
 And well the after years
 Kept the dark promise of that hour.
 And had the earth's old rivers power
 To mirror the far clouds that lie
 So darkly in life's distant sky,
 How many a loving heart would turn,
 Like hers, for comfort to the urn.

INTRUSIONS ON LITERARY MEN.

An author's time is generally his sole estate, a fact forgotten by a class of loungers who are continually honouring authors with their visits, or rather their visitations, and thus sadly interrupting the culture of the said literary estate. Thus, to humour one man, an author is frequently compelled to lay down the pen with which he was going to amuse and instruct thousands, and is also hindered in the attempt to earn his bread. Locke has justly remarked, 'If we are idle, and disturb the industrious in their business, we shall ruin the faster.'

The elder Aldus, the famous Venetian printer, placed an inscription over his door, saying, 'No leisure for gossiping, and those only are admitted who come upon business, which they are especially requested to despatch in as few words as possible.' In the same way, but more gently, a learned Italian wrote over his study door that no one could be allowed to remain with him unless able to co-operate in his labours. The illustrious Robert Boyle found it necessary to advertise in the newspapers that he could not receive visits on certain days, that he might have leisure to finish some of his works. Boileau used to be visited by an idle and ignorant person, who complained to him that he never returned his visits. 'Sir,' replied the wit, 'we are not upon equal terms: you call upon me merely to get rid of your time—when I call upon you, I lose mine.' The amiable scholar, Melancthon, uttered no reproach on such occasions, but coolly noted down the time he had expended, that by greater industry he might make up for the lost time. Evelyn was obliged to study during great part of the night, to redeem the continual loss of time through the calls of morning visitors. 'We are afraid,' said some of those visitors to Baxter, 'that we break in upon your time?' 'To be sure you do,' was the sharp and frank reply. Montesquieu, complaining of one of these bores, says, 'The favour he confers by often passing his mornings with me, occasions great damage to my work, as well by his impure French, as the length of his details.' The biographer of Sir Walter Scott states that the great novelist was always at home to everybody, man or woman, rich or poor, and he never seemed discomposed when intruded on, but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him; for I have remained in his study in Castle Street, in hopes to get a quiet word with him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders besides myself. Noblemen, gentlemen, painters, players, and poets, all crowded to Sir Walter. At Abbotsford, his house was almost constantly filled with company, and it was impossible not to be sorry for the time of such a man thus broken in upon.

AFFECTATION.

Affectation in any part of our carriage, is lighting up a candle to our defect, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or as wanting sincerity.—Locke.

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